

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES

Domestic Architecture in the East

Climate and Topography of the Eastern State Has Proved the Practicability of Certain Architectural Types.

By ELECTUS D. LITCHFIELD.

THE most desirable thing about the country place itself is that it should arouse one's affection—that as years go on it should more and more become a real part of one's life. The selection of a site and the building of a house are, indeed, serious matters and not to be entered upon lightly and without due consideration.

"It is the architect's function to interpret and express in a house the owner's traditions and aspirations; but both he and the owner should remember that they will achieve the greatest satisfaction when the finished work is exactly appropriate to its location and to its use. I have scant patience with the average so-called English half-timbered house on American soil or, indeed, with a Connecticut farmhouse in St. Augustine. An Italianate villa may be entirely appropriate for a few months' sojourn at playday Newport, but it must be an unsatisfactory environment for the continuing existence of the average American business man."

"But we are living in a golden age. Country house architecture in the East today has reached a high standard of excellence, due to the arrival of a great generation of men well trained in architecture and with a splendid affection for their work, and, further, to a widely growing appreciation on the part of the public of simple good taste and of the importance and the possibilities of the country home. We have made wonderful strides in the architecture of our country houses. The country house today in the East, as it has been for generations in England, is more important than the one in town. The building of villas has given way to the building of homes."

"Owing partly to the materials easily obtained in the various localities and partly to the racial influence of the early settlers, there are interesting variations in the domestic architecture of the East, even when it is a development of our early American style. "Out on the main line beyond Philadelphia and toward Germantown and Chestnut Hill and up the White Marsh Valley, ledge rock of a pleasing color breaks easily into rough ashlar with long horizontal beds readily obtained. Fine old examples of early stone work, of which the Chew house and the Gwynedd house are notable, are at hand to serve as models, and the Philadelphia architects have produced a wealth of truly American, dignified and homelike houses in this medium, having a character entirely their own."

"To the south of Philadelphia are the wonderful brick clay deposits of Chester, Wilmington, and Baltimore, burning to a brick of rich and deep cherry red; and here we find delightful brick houses in the character set by the early settlers of Delaware and Maryland."

"Throughout New England and Long Island the same thing applies. Long Island has practically no stone and a very limited supply of brick clay, and hence we find here the typical houses in wood. About Boston and New Haven, where good brick clay abounds, brick architecture still holds its own, while through the remainder of New England the shingle house is the rule. "I have no quarrel with the architects of Chicago who would develop a new architecture, for they are without local precedent and should have it. But it is a vanity of vanities, for while there may be something new under the sun in architecture, true art is of slow growth."

"The architects of the East are more humble in mind, and strive not so much to produce a new art as to build in the spirit of the twentieth century, on the foundations laid by the architectural masters of the past."

"We have entered upon an era of good taste. Will we be patient enough to continue there or will the next decade see us impatiently rushing on to original absurdities? We have tried almost every type and period of foreign art and have come back home to the styles which flourished among our American ancestors. God forbid that we leave their conscientious record of development for the styles of China and Japan, which alone we have left untouched."

Architectural Record, October.

Movies and Home Management

THE movies have invaded the home. Yes, instead of listening to lectures on how to clean the refrigerator and when to fire a servant the housewife may now see the lectures on the screen.

Mrs. Christine Frederick, household and efficiency expert, has superintended the making of the pictures at her own home in Long Island. Taken as a whole, they are called "The New Housekeeping," and show the present day methods and equipment as contrasted with those of bygone days.

The film has been arranged to tell the story of Mrs. Matthews' unhappy home and the reforms brought about therein by modern Mr. Howard. After this story is finished there are separated "films" showing how to set a table, how to can, ways to serve soup, the most modern way of ironing, sitting down to work instead of standing, assembling of equipment in one place, use of automatic stove, use of scrubbing machine, improved dress and appearance of housekeeper, right and wrong vegetable preparing, need for household records, use of servitor for deliveries instead of having them on the back porch and the use of dryer instead of clothes line.

Removing Mildew.

Dissolve heaping tablespoon chloride of lime in ball of water. Dip in the cloths and spread out to dry in hot sun, without wringing. When dry repeat process. This will take out the worst case of mildew and many other stains. The lime must be well dissolved. Cloth may also be bleached beautifully by hanging on a line when the sun shines and snow is on the ground, as snow bleaches more rapidly than grass.

Out of Candy Made For Church Fairs Grew a Regular Business

Everyone Who Has Supplied Candy for Charity Bazaars Will Pluck Up Courage At the Story of One Woman Who Has Made the Occupation Famous.

Following the Example of Syracuse's Noted Mary Elizabeth, Agnes McQuade, of Nearby Utica, Started Off In Business For Herself—All For a Wooden Leg.

MISS AGNES McQUADE, of Utica, N. Y., is to be one of the State hostesses on October 14 at the Electrical Exposition and Motor Show of 1917. Miss McQuade has a candy factory, and her bonbons are a household word through central New York. She and her sister, Miss Katherine McQuade, make their candies in their own back yard—to be exact, in the household barn—for as their business grew it advanced by easy stages from a corner of the paternal kitchen to a made-over section of the barn.

This is the simple tale of the way two girls inheriting educated culinary tastes from a mother who was a "wonderful cook" came to be business women. They lived in a house on Genesee street in Utica, which is quite the right place to live. They were just society girls of Utica's very best, and they made wonderful candy to amuse themselves and treat their friends. They made contributions of these candies to church socials and charitable bazaars, just the way thousands of girls do. Only the McQuade candy always attracted a great deal of attention.

Then it happened that Miss Agnes McQuade wanted to help a poor boy who had lost his leg in an accident. How could she buy him a wooden leg which couldn't be had for less than \$150? became her thought by night and by day. If the boy could only get his leg, he could earn his own living.

While \$150 is not a very big capital to sink in starting some one off on the road to independence, yet it is who was to give it to her? Then Miss Agnes McQuade thought of her sister's candy that had been given away so lavishly throughout Utica, and Miss Katherine McQuade readily agreed to sell enough candy to buy the boy his wooden leg—if she could. "The earning of the money for the leg is a very essential point in the history of the candy," says Miss Agnes, "because without that bit of business experience we should never have had sufficient confidence to put the product on the market. It naturally happened that the people who had been buying candy for the sake of the wooden leg became addicted to it, and we just fell into the habit of selling it."

So the candy factory all began with some simple recipes handed down from mother to daughter, and with a kind of candy instinct, as it were. Yet it was the kindly deed and the wooden leg that actually brought the business to pass. Now the plant has grown and grown until it is as much as the two sisters care to do to manage it.

Voices of the City.

These are the voices of the city mounting to God's listening skies. Stealing down the crowded street ways in a manifold disguise.

Hear the voices of dominion, summoning a world to bend To the gods of gold and power Where the smokes of toil ascend.

Hear the voice of fame that reaches To the hamlet's twilight peace, To the plainsman's slanting shelter, With a call that does not cease.

Hear the voice whose word of welcome, Half in truth and half in jest, Rides the white Atlantic surge To the homes of lands oppressed.

Hear the voice of hate that whispers Down the alleys through the night, Up the marble walls and inward Where hands lift the steel to smite.

Hear the voice of love like music Run the serried streets along; From the hotel to the palace, Hear love sing the city's song!

—By Arthur Wallace Peach.

Don't Worry about your digestive troubles, sick headache, tired feeling or constipation. The depression that induces worry is probably due to a disordered liver, anyway. Correct stomach ailments at once by promptly taking **BEECHAM'S PILLS**

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MISS AGNES McQUADE.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By HELEN ROWLAND.

AND now it is almost time for the first touch of frost to appear on the pumpkin—and on the October honeymoon.

A girl wants to take a pure, clean heart to the altar on her wedding day, but a man is quite satisfied to have his merely sponged and (re)pressed.

The ideal woman, for whom every man is unconsciously looking, and whom he never finds, is one who is as blind to all his faults and as alive to all his virtues as his mother was.

The ultimate proof of a man's love is his ability to admire the shape of a woman's foot while she is dancing all over his patent leather pumps.

Never count a man's love dead until he takes your photograph from the place of honor on his desk and uses it to cover a spot on the wall.

A woman likes to drop a love affair with a crash and a grande finale, but a man prefers to drop it inch by inch—and then crawl out by the stage door.

Before marriage it costs a man a lot of pride and the price of a box of orchids to "make up" with a woman after a love spat; after marriage it costs him just a few lies and the price of a new hat.

Alas, the things a man boasts proudly of "travelling up" today are a box of orchids to "make up" with a woman after a love spat; after marriage it costs him just a few lies and the price of a new hat.

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Real Grandmother Found in London

By MARGARET MASON.

In New York town a lady gay is tripping all the hours away at the dancings along Broadway. A bottle blonde she is, I ween, The rouge pot off her face hath seen, She has a debonairish mien, Her skirts are short to an extreme, And yet a grandmama is she, Her years, they number sixty-three.

In Londontown a lady rare With gracious mien and kindly air And tender eyes 'neath snowy hair Is working all the hours away, Her share in England's bloody fray, To tend the wounded day by day, Though worn and tired she does not stay.

Oh, yet a grandmama is she, Her years, they number sixty-three.

LONDON, Oct. 26 (By mail).

IN American cities the grandmother is as extinct as the dodo bird. To be sure we have a bit of giddy fluff that is turned out daily by the massuse, the hair dresser, the smart dressmaker and the beauty doctor to fox trot and flirt and bridge its way through a butterfly existence. It doesn't even answer to the name of grandmother, however, for the youngest generation has been painstakingly drilled to call it either by its Christian name or a pet one.

Oh, where are the grandmothers of yesterday? The grandmother of memories and story books? In rustling black silk skirts with a bit of old lace at her ivory throat and falling over her ivory hands, A wee lace cap on her silver hair and the peace and understanding and love of a double maternity shining in her old young eyes.

And I am an old sleuth! I have tracked her to her lair! I have discovered her in all her old-time charm and old-time lace and her habitat is England!

American parents take their offspring to the zoo and to the Museum of Natural History to see the ichthyosaurus. Surely the next step should be to take them to London to show them a grandmother.

You can imagine the dramatic situation. Little Robert (meeting a lovely white haired old lady in Hyde Park). "Oh, mother what is that?"

Mother—"That is a grandmother, my son."

Little Robert—"Oh, I want to take her home with me."

Mother—"No, my child; the air of America is fatal to grandmothers. Her hair would turn red or yellow; she would contract fox trotitis, and be just like your 'Mommies'."

Little Robert (shuddering)—"How terrible!"

He walks slowly away looking back sadly.

Keeps Abreast The Times.

And there you are! Now I don't for a minute mean to imply that a woman should not be as young as she feels, and as young as she can, nor on the other hand to mean that the English grandmother is one who knows just when and how to grow old gracefully. The English grandmother has solved the problem the American grandmother has not.

Although the English grandmother is a true one in all senses of the word

she by no means is a back number. Indeed, she keeps abreast of the times, is up on all the burning questions of the day, and is also in the thick of the wonderful work that the women of England are doing.

I know of one wonderful old gentleman of eighty years. She is erect and entertaining and charming and dear. She has had fourteen children, and at present four of her sons are in Parliament, two in the House of Lords, and two in the House of Commons.

This dear old lady has turned her motor over to the wounded soldiers and goes about behind a plodding old Dobbin because she thinks it wicked to pay the high price for petrol just for her own selfish comfort. In many other ways she is doing her bit for the war, and she is but one among many.

She, of course, wears one of those sweet little lace caps on her snowy hair and a bonnet when she goes abroad.

Bonnets Fill Windows.

To American eyes it is a startling and surprising sight to walk along the smart shops on Bond street and glimpse whole windows full of bonnets and little lace caps, not of the boudoir persuasion that we know so well, but real grandmother ones.

Some of the bonnets of course are real bristling and hoarse plumed affairs, but the majority are soft dove gray or black flecked with a silver leaf or blooming modestly with violets, a purple pansy or sweet lavender.

That's two things anyway that England may boast she has and America hasn't—bonnets and grandmothers!

Proved.

Assistant—"Do the shoes fit, madam?"

Madam—"Oh, yes; they fit me perfectly; but they hurt me terribly when I tried to walk."

Luxury in travel is offered to those who do not mind spending \$50 for a fitted suitcase. One style is in black pin seal, lined with dull blue moire. Every conceivable fitting, including a long line of brushes and other toilet articles, is slipped under straps for safety and space saving.

In spite of the fact that winter days are coming and the wind will blow chill, georgette crepe blouses are offered by the shop keepers with the same cheerful insouciance that characterizes their mid-summer appearance. This dainty material is at its best made up into simple dresses with per chance a bit of fairy-like embroidery for trimming.

One of flesh color, with a plain sailor collar and bands of some dark color and either side of the front, is \$4.95.

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